

TO MRS. A. L. ROBINSON,

WILLIE MY BRAVE.



BALLAD
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

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W I L L I E M Y B R A V E .

Poetry and Music

by

S T E P H E N C . F O S T E R .

MODERATO .

The piano introduction is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The vocal melody for the first line is written on a single staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a half note and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a quarter rest.

On the lone - ly sea - beat shore. A mai - den fair was weeping,

The piano accompaniment for the first line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat.

The vocal melody for the second line continues on a single staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a quarter rest.

Call - ing one who far a - way Be - neath the wave was sleeping.

The piano accompaniment for the second line consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat.

Thus her sad un - changing strain Float-ed e - - ver on the main —

Come o'er the bil-low, Ride on the wave, Come while the wind bloweth, Willie my brave!

2^d Verse. He

None who knew the mai - dens' grief, And saw her heart's de - vo - tion Would
said his bark would soon re - turn, And with a kiss they parted; But

tell her of the fra - gile bark That sank be - neath the o - cean; But
when a year had passed a - way, She then grew wea - ry hearted

when all hope had passed a - way, Her life breathed forth its part - ing lay—
Oh! 'twas sad, from day to day, To hear the mai - den's plaintive lay—

Come o'er the &c.
Come o'er the hil - low, Ride on the wave, Come while the wind bloweth, Willie my brave!

